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[HOLIDAY NOTES AND RAMBLES.]

ON THE WELSH COAST.

I.—ABERYSTWYTH AND THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

"LET us go down to Aberystwyth and soak," said Diogenes to us one day. The weather was terribly hot—too hot for pedestrianism—and there was something refreshing in the suggestion of a soak in the sea air. So to Aberystwyth we decided to go. In pursuance of this object, at three one Saturday afternoon, we took our places in the Great Western train at the Victoria Station and started on our journey. It was a long, a weary, and especially a dry and thirsty journey, a journey which impressed upon our minds for ever the necessity on such expeditions of providing a drinking commissariat department within our own carriage. Has any one written about the horrors of thirst in a railway train? We were suffering from drought aggravated by dust long before we reached Chester, where we hoped to have time to get a cup of malt liquor. But though we had travelled quickly we were overdue, and had the peculiar satisfaction of seeing ourselves shunted about within sight of the refreshment room without the opportunity of alighting, though we pleaded eloquently with guards and porters. Off we went again, driven by an inexorable fate, past Wrexham, Ruabon, Chirk, and many a refreshment room. Vain was it that we fled always through a summer land, watered by rivulets, streams, and clear, pellucid pools, while we suffered the torture of Tantalus. However, as Shelley says:—

> Many a green isle needs must be
> In the deep wide sea of misery,
> Or the mariner worn and wan,
> Never thus could travel on.

At Oswestry we found our green isle, changing there from the Great Western to the Cambrian line. Here is a refreshment-room, well arranged, and courteously presided over by ladies who make it a matter of conscience to supply good beer. Our present needs satisfied, and a supply taken on board for future emergencies, we started out again, this time to creep lazily along a Welsh railway, with more frequent and longer stoppages than we cared for. A sleepy line is this Cambrian, more fruitful, we fear, in rows amongst its directors than in dividends for its shareholders—a line where they ask you to be at the station five or ten minutes before the time announced for starting, but where you have to allow a margin of an hour and a half for the arrival of a train. This easy-going mode of doing business becomes amusing sometimes, as, on one occasion, when we had waited five and twenty minutes at a station without any sign of the train being made up, the booking clerk handed us back the full value of our tickets, declining our offer of them at half price.

"The shades of eve were falling fast" before we had got far out of Oswestry, and all the land was dark for hours before we reached our destination. Station after station, with long, unpronounceable names, we stopped at; in and out there got market folk and peasants, who filled the carriage with the noise and jargon of Cymraeg. Small by degrees and beautifully less, however, got the passengers, as we rolled slowly on through the silent country between the mountains and down by the coast, until we were left alone in our compartment, extended at full length along the seats, calmly sleeping with our heads on our knapsacks. "The weariest river," as the poet says, "winds somewhere safe to sea," so the weariest railway journey has somewhere its terminus, and at last we were roused to find ourselves at Aberystwith-by-the-Sea, a few minutes before the witching hour of night, having occupied nine hours in travelling less than a hundred and fifty miles. Through the crowd of natives who filled the platform we elbowed our way, and out into the town where, at the Royal Lion and Gogerddan Arms, we found Miss Davies, bright and smiling, at the bar, and ready to provide us quarters in the hotel.

On the morrow and succeeding days we loaf about leisurely in the clear, bright sunshine, and explore the place and its surroundings. We find that we are in an old town of grey houses, picturesquely grouped between two headlands, on the shelving shore of a crescent bay, at the termination of one of several long valleys which run down to the sea, from the mountain range of which Plinlimmon is the centre. As the name denotes, Aberystwyth is the town at the mouth of the Ystwyth, which here unites with the Rheidol and pours its waters into the bay. The shore has marked features of interest. The steep headland to the north, running out into the sea, and terminating in precipices of slate rock, reminds us of Hillborough at the entrance of Ilfracombe; the lesser one on the south is the Castle Hill, crowned by the ruins of a castle, built in the twelfth century, by Gilbert de Strongbow, a Norman lord, who, by permission of his master Henry the First, robbed a Welshman of his lands, and erected his stronghold thereon. In the succeeding centuries the castle saw varying fortunes, and often changed owners, being once held by the fierce Glendower, until Cromwell's Parliamentary forces ended its history by making it a ruin. Nearer in shore, below the castle, is a huge pile of uncompleted building. It represents a Welsh University in embryo. It is the strangest specimen of Gothic run mad we have ever seen. Beginning at one end with stone, it terminates at the other with a fantastic conglomeration of wood and stucco, picked out with tawdry coloured ornamentation. With scaffolding and unfinished walls and windows to mark its incompleteness, it is already showing signs of decay. The action of the weather is wearing away the stone, and the colour is fading from the stucco. From outward indications of neglect it is problematical when Wales will have its university. At present the prospect is unpromising. For lack of money we presume it is that the halls dedicated to learning are deserted, that the grass is left to grow upon the pavement, and the sea winds to chaunt in the galleries. Close by the university is a pier, or rather a fragment of one, deserted also and incomplete, the sea having washed away a great part of it soon after its erection. One other specimen of unfinished art there is in the shape of an unsightly column constructed like a chimney, and placed on a neighbouring hill. It was intended for a monument of the Duke of Wellington, but the figure which should have surmounted it has never been placed there. Behind the Castle Hill is the little harbour, mainly deserted save for a few ships undergoing repairs, and an ancient craft lying stranded and rotting upon the beach. The coast is rich in colour, and, when the sea is calm, it is pleasant to lie on the grassy slope of the Castle Hill and mark the deep transparent emerald of the sea flowing about rocks fringed with yellow sea-weed that rises and falls with the tide, and blending with the dark shingle of the shore the purple of the slate rock, the grey of the houses, and the bright green of the grassy hill sides behind. On clear days you may see the whole curve of Cardigan Bay to Bardsey Island, with the mountain ranges of Snowdon and Cader Idris.

The visitors to Aberystwyth appear to be of a fashionable sort, gathered from the Midland Counties and London; not, however, of the fast type of Scarborough, or even Llandudno. They seem to indulge little in promenading, preferring to sit at the open windows of the long marine terrace, which forms a crescent along the bay, and listen in the evenings to the band, which provides very decent vocal and instrumental music. The streets of the town are narrow, but clean; and the one in which our hotel is situate is even picturesque. Standing at the bottom of it, you look up, through a border of trees and between houses with steep roofs and shops with awnings, to the market clock-tower at the top. Round this tower in the week days the market people assemble with their produce, and among them you may notice many specimens of real old Welsh women, with the high, broad-brimmed, conical hats and quaint costumes. Aberystwyth is a stronghold of Dissent, and a very religious town, to judge from the number of chapels. We never remember seeing so many in proportion to the population. There is a church of cruciform shape, with an interior like a barn, where we went one Sunday in the hope of hearing Dean Close, but heard instead a rambling, incoherent sermon from a Welsh preacher, which seemed to perplex and weary the worthy old Dean as much as it did ourselves. What strikes you also in the town is the number of lapidaries' shops. The beach consists of pebbles, and is said to be rich in jasper, onyx, cornelian, and crystal stones, which the visitors go in search of, and perhaps find. At any rate the lapidaries furnish them with polished

gems in exchange for the treasures which they bring. We picked up a few pretty stones on the shore, but did not consult a lapidary about them, lest he should pronounce them precious—we couldn't afford that.

Every visitor to Aberystwyth goes to Pont-y-Mynach, or the Devil's Bridge, distant some twelve miles away. Thither, also, when we were tired of loafing, we went. Scorning the mail coach or other conveyance, we set out on foot, taking the road through Llanbadarn Fawr to Pont Erwyd, where we intended to stay the night. Llanbadarn is a mile distant from Aberystwyth, and contains the parish church, an ancient early English structure, said to have been founded by St. Paternus, who came from Brittany, and destroyed by the Danes in 987, doubtless at the time when they fought with the Welsh up to the spurs of Plynlimmon, where, driven to bay, the Cymry overthrew their adversaries in a bloody battle. The churchyard contains some ancient yews and the remains of two Runic crosses. From Llanbadarn we go along through the open marshy valley through which flows the Rheidol, passing on the way squalid mud hovels, with roofs of thatch and chimneys of wicker-work, revealing wretched and foul interiors, picturesque enough in a landscape with the mountain ash bright with scarlet berries drooping over them, and nodding ferns and plantations of oak on the hill slopes behind, but nevertheless a sight not without an element of sadness in it. The road winds along through Gogerddan into the mountains, where are lead mines marked by water wheels, perched high up in remote ravines, or deep down in lovely valleys. Passing these we come to Pont Erwyd, and reach the inn as a thunderstorm comes on, with a downpour of rain that floods the Rheidol with torrents of water, which rush down from Plynlimmon, and leap in casades over the rocks before our inn door. There we stay for the night, and on the morrow set out for the Devil's Bridge. We follow the course of the Rheidol (which, like the Severn and the Wye, rises in Plynlimmon), and crossing a mountain come down into a wooded ravine with steep sides, through which the river flows over a rocky bed. Here is the Parson's Bridge. It consists of a couple of planks with a hand-rail, placed over a chasm, in which the water foams and boils as in a cauldron. Picking up a rare specimen or two of ferns from the crevices of the rock, we cross the bridge and ascend the other side, coming out at a church and hamlet by the roadside known as Yspitty Cynfyn, once a hospice for pilgrims to the monastery of Strata Florida. Keeping the road for a mile or so we come to the famous Devil's Bridge.

We have a decided dislike to a search after the beautiful in company with a guide, especially one clothed in scarlet and lace, such as was thrust upon us here. The Devil's Bridge, it seems, is part of a speculation connected with an inn, and it is necessary to provide one's self with a ticket at the bar before being admitted to the grounds. This we did and proceeded to explore. At the junction of two ravines, thickly clothed with wood, the Mynach and the Rheidol mingle their waters after falling several hundred feet over rocks. The Mynach forces its way through a narrow cleft or chasm, some seventeen feet wide and a hundred deep. Over this is thrown the Devil's Bridge, built by the monks of Strata Florida in the twelfth century. Above it is another bridge, placed there to supersede the old one. Before passing beneath the bridge, the water whirls and eddies in a great, deep cavity of rock, known as the Devil's Punch Bowl, and, having passed through this, leaps down in a series of very fine falls. Having descended to the bottom of the ravine, smoked a pipe on the boulders at the foot of the falls, seen the inevitable robber's cave, and received all the stereotyped items of information from our flaming friend, the guide, we mount again to the pavilion, and take our luncheon in the Epicurean style, looking out through a verandah down the valley, with the Plynlimmon mountains far off in the back ground, and the falls of the Rheidol in front, the rush of their waters making music for our feast.

Starting again for Aberystwyth, we proceed by a road carried for a considerable way along the margin of the hills, and affording extensive views. Once we halt at a little roadside public, which gives us an insight into Welsh domestic life. The walls are of mud, the floor is also of mud, patched with broken slate. There is a wide chimney place, in which we can sit and look up through the soot and smoke to the sky. Behind the chimney is a ladder, placed close against the wall, which leads to an upper storey. Poor as is the place, it shows signs of the Welsh love for religion and literature. On a shelf are a few books, among which is a Bible, the works of Josephus, a volume of printed and manuscript music, mostly sacred, and a French exercise book. We question whether, under similar conditions of life in England, we should find like evidences of taste and culture.

CRICKET.

MANCHESTER v. BROUGHTON.

MANCHESTER: Messrs. Swire, Ollivant, Hillkirk, Berry, E. B. Rowley, Mollison, Fairclough, Platt, Thornber, and Hickton and Reynolds. First Innings, 423.

BROUGHTON: Messrs. Crankshaw, Jones, Moorhouse, Beechey, Wood, Lings, Claxton, Makinson, Brown, and Morley and Bowers. First Innings, 28; Second Innings, 29.

TO lose a match by one innings and nearly four hundred runs is an achievement of which, we should think, few clubs but the Broughton in her present low estate are capable. Indeed, so tremendous is such a beating, that criticism may weaken, and cannot possibly strengthen, the effect of the figures chronicled above. It is always painful to note the failure and disaster of old friends; and there are few local cricketers who will read of such a defeat without pleasant recollections of the past doings of the Broughton Club, and regretful wonder at the possibility of such a contrast between past and present.

In the earlier part of the game it appeared as if the pathetic appeal of Mr. Swire for members to observe the time would avail nothing. Manchester batted all the first day, and at the time for drawing the stumps had some wickets to go down. The chief feature of the innings was the prodigious score of Mr. E. B. Rowley. That gentleman had on this occasion—discreetly we think—dropped his *nom de guerre*, for how can it be expected that a cricketer who scores over a hundred and fifty, should hide his individuality beneath the slightest disguise? His play, graceful as it was powerful, was quite worthy of his reputation as one of the best of Lancashire cricketers. Besides this gigantic score, Mr. Mollison, who is not to our mind a graceful batter, made sixty; and Hickton, who has more than once this year proved himself a capital batter, also made sixty, and was "not out," a performance which is all the more creditable when it is remembered how very little batting practice ground-bowlers usually get. When Broughton began their first innings the chances seemed large that the game would end, as so many similar matches have ended, in a draw. It was scarcely possible that they could make 424 runs in the time that was left, and their only chance was to keep up their wickets till evening. But Fate, with the assistance of Reynolds and Hickton, was too strong for them. The batting of the Broughton representatives was, if possible, weaker than their bowling and fielding. An innings resulting in a grand total of twenty-eight offers no details whatever for criticism. Reynolds, who has of late taken to slow underhand bowling, was very effective. In the second innings the scoring was just as absurd, the only pleasant thing about it, for a spectacle, being to notice the intense pleasure which Hickton appeared to find in knocking out the middle stump of his quondam friends' wickets.

With the best intentions in the world we found it impossible to avoid a feeling of depression at what we saw of the cricket on Saturday afternoon. The attendance of spectators was wretched. There was one individual in the pavilion enclosure, and, perhaps, a dozen scattered about the field. It would be unjust not to notice that Broughton played most of the time short-handed. Neither Mr. Makinson nor Mr. J. B. Brown put in an appearance at all on Saturday, and these two are unquestionably the most important and the strongest players in the club. But the others may be taken as fairly representative of the rank and file of the members, and, as such, show that the Broughton Cricket Club has altogether lost its place as one of the two leading local clubs of the district. Such a defeat as the present *might* in charity have been regarded as a gigantic fluke. But for the whole of the season, almost without a single exception, Broughton has received all manner of thrashings, little and big, at the hands of all sorts of antagonists. The cricketers of the club seem utterly demoralized, and the only consolation which it is possible for them to derive from such a match as that with the Manchester is, that it would be difficult to realize a more thorough beating.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

Sir,—It is to be hoped we have seen the last attempt of the Broughton Cricket Club to play the Manchester. Such a miserable display of

batting could scarcely be given by the second eleven of any of our fifth-rate local clubs as was exhibited by the Broughton team on Saturday at Old Trafford. They say of a certain profession that the members are "gentlemen" by act of parliament, but a more ungentlemanly trick was surely never done than that by two of the leading members of the Broughton Club on Saturday, in not coming up to the ground to play the match out, simply because they were getting beaten. Having to go off to the Channel Islands is no excuse in a case like this, because that journey might have been arranged either before the match commenced or after it was finished. It always looks strange to see a player's name marked "absent" in the paper. In this instance it looks very shabby and disrespectful towards the Manchester Club. I heard it said on the ground that if Longsight or Cheetham Hill had been playing against Manchester, either of those clubs would have made a good stand and a fair match of it. No doubt, but then again Manchester could not be expected to make half the score against either club that they made against the very loose fielding of Friday last. Some years ago this Manchester and Broughton contest was the most interesting match of the season, and the Broughton team once used to be very strong. Now the Broughtonians have become so weak that it's really no match at all.

A. C.

BOUCICAULT REDEVIVUS.

IN the reappearance of Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault at the Prince's Theatre we have another example of the ephemeral nature of final farewells. It is not so very long since Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault took formal leave of their profession, and here they are again, as lively and Irish as ever. Mr. Boucicault is best known as a manufacturer of dramas, and it was principally through their means he made the princely income he has several times alluded to in public prints. Unfortunately, it at length began to dawn upon the managerial mind, never particularly open to the reception of new ideas, that though the success attendant upon Mr. Boucicault's exertions was undoubtedly immense, he took good care that he and not the managements should be the gainer. The managers positively awakened to the fact that they were losing money by the monopoly which they had granted Mr. Boucicault, and it is whispered that they have entered into a solemn engagement amongst themselves never to accept another play by him until he shall have seen the exorbitancy of demanding half the gross receipts for every performance. Certain it is that no sensation drama from the pen of Mr. Boucicault has found a home at any London theatre for many a month, and that the monopoly once held by him has, with the usual managerial astuteness, been transferred to H. J. Byron.

Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault are consequently driven to "the provinces," and they re-open the pursuit of their profession at our Prince's Theatre with one of the most formidable programmes it has ever been our lot to encounter. *John Bull*, a comedy of Colman's, is a good, substantial joint to start with, and the *Colleen Bawn* is surely the most solid after-piece ever played in a theatre. The close juxtaposition of the two dramas has this further disadvantage, that the plots of the two are by no means dissimilar, and after four or five hours of it, one gets rather weary of the woes of unacknowledged wives.

The comedy of *John Bull* is a regular specimen of the good, old-fashioned sort when comedies had something in them, but it is a striking proof amongst a hundred others of how steadily the drama is improving in the midst of all the outcry that one hears about its decline. It is true that our modern dramatists have not anything like the solidity of their predecessors, and of their individual inferiority there can hardly be a doubt; but modern dramatists, as a class, are wonderfully improving the form and manner of the stage, and when a master comes who knows how to fashion the materials at his command, he will have lines to work on far more graceful and far more dramatic than the older dramatists. No one can sit out a comedy like *John Bull* without revolting against the incessant change of scene, and the tedious way in which some portions of the story are elaborated, which a passing reference would sufficiently indicate. The interest is split up amongst such a number of characters that much of it is dissipated in the process. Similarly, the lumps of sentiment and pathos and the arrant claptrap of John Bullism which it contains are very difficult of digestion for an audience accustomed to the lighter touch of the modern comedy writer. On the other hand, the humorous portion of the dialogue is in favourable contrast to the pyrotechnic brilliancy of the modern style. The utter irrelevance of the title to the play is a fault common to both ancient and modern author. Colman always kept his eye upon the gallery, and anything that glorified old England he was always eager to clap down. To this weakness alone can be attributed the title of *John Bull, or, the Englishman's Fireside.*

The numerous personages in the caste made more demands upon the Prince's company than it was able to supply; but it struggled manfully to prove equal to the emergency. Mr. Warde, relieved of his moustache, was airier and brighter than he ever was before. There is still a little of that tendency to round his shoulders which he seems to have a great difficulty in overcoming, but the words he has to speak are given with much greater spirit and rapidity than of yore, and we are inclined to think the Hon. Tom Shuffleton is the best thing he has done. One of the most pleasing features of the performance was the really clever rendering of the part of the capricious little Lady Caroline by Miss Edmondson. Miss Edmondson has shot up all at once into an actress; she not only looks and dresses well, but gives great promise of becoming in a certain line of character a very able little player. Miss Foote resumed her well-known rôle of a damsel in distress, and played well up to the most dummy lover woman ever had. Mr. Boucicault, of course, performed the part of Dennis Bulgruddery, the Irish innkeeper. There is no doubt about his being an excellent interpreter of Irish character, but these comical Irishmen are very monotonous fellows, particularly when one comes after another, as in the present programme. Mr. Edmonds's Dan was quite as funny; and we may give the butler credit for an unexaggerated rendering of a very hackneyed character.

It is no use saying anything about the crude dialogue and preposterous characterization of the *Colleen Bawn.* A drama which is followed with such breathless interest by pit and gallery justifies its existence. But it is a sore trial of patience to tolerate the parts of Hardress Cregan and his mother, while that of Anne Chute is not much better. Mrs. Boucicault played the natural and engaging part of Eily in true Irish style, and we can find no words to express our admiration of the intense earnestness with which Mr. Sheil Barry played the part of Danny Mann. We never saw an actor's individuality so completely merged in his assumption of another. The footlights and the painted scenery were swept clean out of one's remembrance when he came upon the stage, and the performance proved conclusively how huge a power the theatre can exert when it is managed by a master hand. This is the first time we have ever seen Mr. Sheil Barry, but if he plays all his parts with the intense reality with which he makes the part of Danny Mann appear a living thing and not a fiction of the stage, he is, indeed, a master of his craft.

THE TOWN HEN.

Oh, there's mony a *get* out of our town h(en)d.—WAUGH—*(With the chill off.)*

THE hen of the streets—*gallina loose-endo*—as contrasted with her country cousin may be aptly, howbeit inelegantly, described as a "fly bird." In the farm yard, where circumstances favour the physical and social advancement of the hen, she is at best a shifty and unreliable concern, and will go and lay her eggs in all sorts of out-of-the-way places where they stay to get addled, she having apparently about as much memory as a weathercock or a stuffed owl. She gets one definite idea into her head at times, and will then sit on a batch of eggs or soda water bottles with a steadfastness bordering on fatuity. When she hatches a brood of chicks, which she is calculated to do if she has practicable eggs to deal with, her spasm of maternal instinct will carry her through with the tending of them until years of discretion are arrived at, a period dating some four or five weeks from the chipping of the shells. But the hen that is brought up amid the crowded thoroughfares of a town, or in the scarcely less populous outskirts, is another and a *worser* hen, and presents only some faint outward resemblance to her rustic relative.

The town hen is a fearful and wonderful sample of perverted instinct, and, as a rule, is the *protegé* of that variety of British workman which wastes its surplus earnings in furtherance of whimsical notions of combining profit with amusement, instead of spending them on good, wholesome, intoxicating British beer, and getting done with them. The advent of the hen is the beginning of discomfort, especially if the hen fancier's wife have prejudices in favour of cleanliness and decency. The

town hen and her inevitable gang of evil companions haunt gutters and back passages, going to bed at dusk, in the British workman's basement storey, through a pane broken for this express purpose. Their bed is a broomstick or disused clothes-prop, and they rest in such peace as is consistent with a homogeniety of moodiness, foul air, and fleas.

The hen of the streets is dieted on the titbits of nameless filth and nastiness she picks from the kennels, and a share—which means as much as she can bolt—of a handful of wholesome barley, given as a sort of corrective to her promiscuous feeding. She pecks up her barley with a profound expression of ingratitude and unworthiness on her pointed features, being, in truth, an ungrateful animal—probably because she is a biped. She has further resources in the broken victual department, but the households to which she is attached are not baronially sumptuous, and her little ailments arise less from over-feeding than an occasional indiscretion in the way of scraps of nails, earthenware, and tender bits of worsted stockings. The average produce of a town hen is one egg per fortnight. When she falls below this ratio she is said, in figurative language, to be eating her head off, and her owner, losing his regard for her, chops it off literally, making her unremunerative carcase the basis of his Sunday's dinner. To this end it is first denuded of such feathers as a perpetual state of moulting has spared, and is otherwise brought to as suitable a state for cooking as it is capable of. When cooked, the minister of retributive justice and the olive branches round his table eat her up with a relish unimpaired by the remembrance of a recent intimacy. The wife and mother has had enough in the cooking, and does not partake. A *ie ne scai-qualmishness* prevents her assisting at the banquet beyond the dishing-up point. With a finished hypocrisy, highly inconsistent with the humbleness of her station, she bases her repugnance on sentimental grounds, and says she could not touch it if it were to save her life—she couldn't—not if it was ever so, and good and tender as it is. "Poor thing! after bringing her up, and knowing her from—an egg!" The British workman has no dainty objections to overcome, and the children shedding sparse tears of sympathy over their mother's pathetic subterfuge, hold out their plates for more hen.

The town hen makes any attempts at town gardening on her beat impossible of success. She goes to bed at sundown and gets up with the sun in the morning, and thus in summer time is a consummate early riser. She is the proverbial early bird, and gets not only the worm but every thing else she can rake out of a foot deep of soil. All seeds in her vicinity may be relied on to come up with tropical expedition. When a town hen gives her mind to it she can do more mischief before breakfast than a broken-hearted amateur floriculturist can mend in a year. And he has no real redress. The hen and her owner treat remonstrances with cool indifference, and exasperating as it is to have one's hopes not only nipped in the bud but grubbed up by the roots, it is still worse to go to law, especially as a man may not know what the statutes have to say concerning scratching hens. Hens are very difficult to hit—either above or below the belt, and unless you can convince them of the iniquity of their daily life by a well-directed brickbat, their indifference is strongly dashed with contempt. Let the agonized amateur floriculturist rise about four in the morning if he would behold the devastator at work. Aided and abetted by her disreputable rag of a cock, that no country rooster would demean himself by crowing against, nipping off the young green shoots, and scratching up the tender seed germs, she is at it—as busily as a British workman *working by the piece*. The agonized one, bringing up the coal-scuttle from regions below, shall shy away its nubbly contents in vain essay to hit the unhittable. The weird stillness of early morning and his own exasperation militate against a steady aim, and the sound of breaking glass sends him back to his couch in a more disturbed frame of mind than ever—a disturbed cucumber frame of mind. An accidental knock will induce the hen to retire until her assailant closes the window, but she retires slowly, and with a look of mingled scorn and defiance which, on the countenance of a hen, must be seen to be believed. When she is not spoiling and laying waste, the hen makes holes in the flower beds, and indulges in a shower bath of friable, dusty soil. This is her idea of cleanliness and comfort, and it is quite of a piece with her notions of things in general.

The demoralization of the town hen extends to her fortnightly egg which—like a certain fortnightly magazine—she sometimes publishes—say once a month, and which can no more compare with that justly-prized delicacy a country laid egg than can curd soap with cream cheese. She is wary and watchful when prowling in the streets, and the man who ever manages to drive over her ought to have a newspaper paragraph all to himself about it, and a monument when he dies. For the hen of the streets is a dead loss to her owner, a nuisance to all cleanly housewives, a disgrace to a neighbourhood, and a blot on the vaunted civilization of the age.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE VICISSITUDES OF CRICKET.

ON Friday and Saturday last the Manchester Cricket Club wiped off an old score at Old Trafford with the Broughton Club. The Manchester innings of 423 against the Broughton fiasco of 28 and 29 will not soon be forgotten. We have noticed the match in another column, and only refer to it here because it reminds us of a former match between these clubs when a similar disaster occurred to the Manchester Club. The whirligig of time brings about its revenges. On the 9th and 10th of September, 1859, the Manchester and Broughton clubs played a return match at Broughton, and, as the score is a curiosity in its way, we now reproduce it. The Broughton Club made a total of 159 in one innings. Manchester followed, and in their first innings made 52 runs. They then followed their innings on Friday evening, and finished them on Saturday, having secured a total in their second innings of 14 runs, including two byes, one wide ball, and one no ball. The runs were made up as follows:—James Rowley, bowled J. Makinson, 1; D. Bleackley run out, 1; E. Thompson, caught and bowled Payne, 0; Joseph Rowley, bowled J. Makinson, 2. A. B. Rowley, caught Whittington, bowled Payne, 1; E. Whittaker (absent on Saturday), 5; P. Perera, caught and bowled Payne, 0; B. Hall, stumped Makinson, bowled Payne, 0; R. T. Bellhouse, not out, 0; S. H. Swire, l. b. w., 0; J. Clegg, absent, 0. Thus, as was the case with the Broughton cricketers on Saturday last, the Manchester men on the above occasion were conspicuous by their absence. There was, however, this excuse for them, that the morning was wet, and the absentees had to come from Stalybridge and Rochdale. Manchester has now completely effaced the defeat of 1859. The two scores ought to be bracketed together. We fear that the result of last week's match must be attributed to something more than a fluke, as the Broughton Club has lost match after match this season. The members of the club must either close their ranks, or the sooner they execute the "happy despatch" the better.

STATE ETYMOLOGY.

Would our readers be surprised to hear that the Postal Telegraph people have undertaken the reconstruction of the English language? A correspondent of ours sent a telegram to the Manchester office the other day, in which the word "overlook" occurred. The clerk-in-charge refused to receive that word except as a term to be charged for as two words. A dictionary was produced, showing that "overlook" was one word, but the clerk refused to kiss the book, and our correspondent was charged for two words. Thus, such words as "overthrow," "undertake," "overseer," &c., are all at once placed by the Government officials in a new category, and we must beware accordingly. At all events, our correspondent was wise in paying the dual price, instead of having his message detained until the revision of the language has been completed by Mr. Scudamore.

THE INSPECTION OF THE MANCHESTER LIGHT HORSE.

There may exist people who nurse a charitable conviction, or at least a hope, that the Manchester Light Horse Volunteers may possibly be not quite so absurd as they are painted. But a sight of the inspection of last Saturday would have altogether dispelled any such illusion. Any such wild burlesque of soldiering would, without actual ocular demonstration, have seemed impossible outside the play-ground of a lunatic asylum. In truth the inspection was wonderfully comic. Twenty or thirty individuals, nine-tenths of whom could barely ride, astride as many horses, mostly sorry hacks which could not gallop, and with appearances suggestive of temporary promotion from cab or 'bus, were funny enough, though not altogether dignified in their attempts to

charge and wheel, and otherwise go through the movements of cavalry drill. It may be invidious to make a selection, but the palm for superior absurdity was, to our mind, carried off by a Light Horseman who was mounted on a violently-piebald cob, with short neck and legs, and a very venerable appearance. This individual was apparently labouring under the influence of beer, and—in consequence, possibly—had been detached from the ranks and placed on out-post duty at the skirts of the field. He divided his time between getting off his horse and leaving it to the mercy of any chance spectator, and rambling about the field on his own account without apparently object other than to demonstrate his superior bravery by whipping his steed with the flat of his drawn sword. We were sorry to hear that this distinguished individual, later in the day, came to grief in an attempt to obtain further refreshment. Such a body of men, called in compliment horsemen, appear to have only one *raison d' être, i.e.*, to make spectators laugh on every occasion in which they appear publicly.

LANCASHIRE *v.* WARWICKSHIRE.

The cricketing triumphs of Lancashire have, apparently, only been put an end to by the close of the season. This last county game of the year gave us another very hollow victory. Warwickshire greatly missed the presence of Mr. Buchanan (who for many years has been one of the cleverest and best of slow bowlers), for the Lancashire team, though not overpoweringly strong on paper, scored the respectable number of 207 runs. In the single innings of our county, Mr. Appleby proved, as he has more than once before done, that it is not impossible for a great bowler to be a successful batter. He made 53 runs—considerably the largest innings of the match. As usual, he was altogether invaluable as a bowler; and the season's cricket, as a whole, has placed him in the highest rank of amateur cricketers. Warwickshire appears to have been quite over-matched, making only 70 and 81 runs in the two innings; and thus Lancashire won the match by one innings and 56 runs. It is much to be hoped that some of the fame shown by Lancashire at the close of this season may extend to the earlier contests of next year.

ANOTHER DEFEAT OF THE INTEMPERANCE SUPPRESSION UNION.

Mr. James Taylor's society—the National Union for the Suppression of Intemperance—made its first public appearance in London on Tuesday, under the presidency of Earl Russell, and the "conference," for such it was called, ended, like the first Manchester meeting for the same object, in the total rout of the promoters. A resolution in favour of the policy and objects of the Union was met by an amendment declaring that the issue of licences should be solely in the hands of the rate-payers—that is to say, that the Alliance programme is more deserving of support than the Union programme—and we are told by one London newspaper that only five persons held up their hands in support of the Union resolution. How far the Alliance is right in encouraging an opposition of this sort it does not become neutrals like ourselves to say; but we apprehend that its adherents will reckon without their host if they think that a hundred defeats will drive Mr. James Taylor from the field he has selected for the display of his peculiar abilities.

EPIGRAMS FROM MARTIAL.

ON A PARASITICAL FLATTERER.

Angling for dinner, Charles, at every line
I read him, puts me to the blush:
"Delicious!" "Charming!" "Exquisite!" "Divine!"—
There, Charles; you've earned your victuals: hush!

ON AN EFFICIENT WRITER OF PROSE.

Friend James, whose crude lines no man sees,
For fame as poet pines;
Be poet, James; be what you please,
So no man see your lines.

TESTATOR AND HEIR.

Peter, in proper form, by will
Bequeath'd his whole estate to Paul;
Now Paul swears Peter used him ill
For leaving him no more than all.

[STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.]

THE DEACON.

BY which title I do not intend to indicate an inchoate clergyman composed of college and cartilage in equal proportions, but quite other than the clergyman, viz., a lay brother, with whose duties those of a clergyman would most surely conflict—who would, by an athletic clergyman, most probably get his head punched, whilst he would be viewed by a weakly Levite as a nuisance and an incubus, and be girded at argumentatively by the same. I allude to the dissenting Deacon, or the Deacon of the dissenting chapel or church. It is many years since I had to do with one of them, and then it was only as an amateur. I was not one of his sheep. As a boy at school I attended his chapel, and he used to clasp me at the back of the neck occasionally, and pull me up sharp if he met me in the street, telling me to remember Samuel, or Lot's wife, or other Scriptural characters, and usually finishing up by taking me to Tanner's, the confectioner's, and giving me of the pastry of the land, accompanied by copious draughts of unexceptionable pop. He was a jovial functionary, and fond of roasted duck. When Dr. Raffles used to come and preach the anniversary sermons, he was in the habit of staying with my deacon, and when the labours of the day were over, these two jolly Dissenters, the doctor and the deacon, invariably had a supper of roasted duck; and as my deacon was a bachelor, there were no meandering women about to pall upon the appetites of these goodly and godly gentlemen, and to get under their feet, so to speak, by haggling texts and chopping their sensations—as if a minister of the Gospel had nothing better to do than to keep up silly women in their meanderings. That is really the province of the medical man, and he can do it easily by the blessed aid of drugs and gin—the latter now a favourite prescription of the Galenites—more shame to them!

From our playground wall we could see into the deacon's dining room. I used to get upon that coign of vantage occasionally, to have a look at the doctor and the deacon eating their well-earned ducks. They could not see me, but the bright fire and the clear lamp-lights of those days enabled me to get a good view of them. How the old boys laughed and joked! and why not? Would you have wished the doctor to have put the deacon through the Assembly's Catechism? or ought the latter to have kept on saying to the rev. gentleman, "Watchman, what of the night?" I tell you, when you want to persuade me that the friars of orders grey and other loose ecclesiastics of mediæval times enjoyed their lives and drank sack and canary and malmsey—in none of which drinks I believe at all—when you paint in charming novels after their kind the otiose careers of dignitaries of the church which is not yet disestablished—what a joker Mr. Dean is, and how Canon Gibson is the jolliest chaplain to the Mayor of Ardwick that ever I did see—what a pleasure it is to hear the Rev. William Saunders sing Mr. Frank Burnand's song of "The little pig jumped over the wall"—my firm impression is that I could have found and still can find amongst the Non-conformists, parsons as lively and as witty, as full of pleasant banter and inuendo and anecdote, as the holiest friar or the roundest and richest prebend of them all. The fact is, I don't like the descendants of old Runnlett our deacon, nor those of the good doctor who was so frequently his guest, to be classed with people who never cracked a joke or a bottle in their lives, but lived upon tea and crumpets. I see the brace of noncons, lay and clerical, now. If I could draw like Miss Georgy Bowers or Mr. Johnnie Thomson, I could give you them easily from memory. They had their napkins tucked under their chins, just as if they believed in the Thirty-nine Articles, and they ate as if, supposing a fortieth were wanted, they would accept it in the form of a roasted duck. Think of the sensation of a schoolboy

on a cold wall, after a bit of bread, cheese, and awfully small beer, looking into that bright interior, the deacon's dining-room, and seeing the two boon companions hobnobbing together. Are you surprised that I remember it, or that I should desire to be a fashionable novelist on this occasion and try to depict it?

I knew the dining-room well enough myself, and how well the table was always furnished, and this made me curious to see the performances of other and, I will add, better folks, at that hospitable though unostentatious board. I was also, by my seniors, supposed to be, at twelve years of age, under articles to marry Katy, the deacon's niece, after I had been in the world and fought with dragons and vices, and conquered them all, returning, with a brass band, at the age of twenty-one, and placing £20,000 at Katy's feet, as my earnings during my apprenticeship, and as a trifle wherewith to commence housekeeping. At various entertainments this was the programme sketched by the good ladies of the little congregation when they had a swell tea, and when they used to smell awfully of black kid gloves. Such was the life-sketch mapped out for little Katy Runnlett. It never was realized. What actually happened was this: that Katy fell in love afterwards with a tall young gentleman, who would be a missionary in the South Seas. Within a year of his arrival the savages broke into his homestead, and devoured him and the yard dog at one meal—poor little Katy only escaping by a miracle. So she came home, husbandless and childless, to keep the old deacon company. Katy and I, long before the tall gentleman and Otaheite were thought of, used to make eyes at each other in chapel as we sat in adjacent pews, or stood up during the hymnal office to the words of—

Grace is a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear.

Even yet I always connect these verses with that violet-eyed little damsel. Then she used to pick up the fallen apples in the deacon's garden, and misappropriate them like our first parents by giving them to me. Occasionally when her memory in this wise wanted jogging, I used to say quite *sans gêne*, "Katy, chuck us an apple, that's a dear," and I always bit the rosy side first as a compliment to Katy's cheeks. Nor was I unmindful of those doctrines of reciprocity which ingenuous youth not unfrequently forgets. On the contrary, I put Katy upon the most favoured nation footing, by supplying her with peppermint lozenges of a very pungent character, and with a sweetmeat called "rock," which was apparently compounded of plasterers' glue with streaks of putty in zig-zags like forked lightning. We were therefore naturally very fond of each other, as all little people connected by peppermint and "rock" are bound to be. Happy, happy days, from which the inevitable lifetides have drifted us so far!

Now, I know what you all expected when you read "The Deacon" as my text. But I am not disposed to be guilty of the snobbism of holding up the honourable office of deacon of a Nonconformist congregation to ridicule and animadversion. I should be guilty of the grossest ingratitude were I to attempt anything of the kind. Remembering the Deacons I knew at the time of which I am now writing, not merely old Daniel Runnlett, but others as good as he, though not, perhaps, in a worldly sense, so well off, I can say of every one of them that they were all honourable, godfearing men—that they held fast, and with far greater grip than their ministers, the best elements of sound Puritan principles, and that when they fall away and slacken speed the reverend gentlemen will most assuredly fail to keep the lamp of Nonconformity properly trimmed.

"BRIEF BAGS FOR BARRISTERS."—On seeing this announcement in a shop window, Master Charlie (who learns quantities of slang from his school-boy brothers) asks papa—"Do *all* barristers wear *short trousers?*"

PEAT, AND WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH IT.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN THE HEBRIDES.]

THE Island of Lewis, the most northerly of the Hebrides, is probably, if its size be taken into consideration, the most desolate portion of the British isles. In this region—where July, unaided by her sister months, does the undivided duty of summer—what is not rock or peat moss is water. If we consult the Ordnance map we see that Nature has here determined the proportion in which a maximum of fluid can be contained within a minimum of solid; yet in this wilderness, where the tallest member of the vegetable kingdom is a cabbage, where there is neither coal, iron, flax, lime, nor wood, there is yet one interesting and ingenious manufacture—the distillation of peat. Manchester procures nearly all its raw material from distant sources, but we in Lewis are more happily situated, having sufficient supply on which to work till the end of time.

About five miles from Stornoway, the only village in the district, is a long range of sheds, sufficiently dilapidated to excite the pity of the princely owners of the palaces of industry so thickly scattered over the surface of Lancashire. But if we enter, we forget the poverty of the structure, and only admire the chemical ingenuity and economy of matter displayed. Before speaking in detail of the various processes employed, we may observe that the chief products obtained are peat tar, paraffin oil, wax, heavy oils, ammonia, gas, and charcoal. Let us endeavour to follow, *seriatim*, the various stages observed in the manufacture of these articles.

The turf, having been cut from the morass in small pieces resembling in size and form so many slightly elongated bricks, is set up on end to dry. When this is partially accomplished, it is collected into small heaps, built so as to allow the air to pass freely between the fragments, and as they become by evaporation more hard, they are gradually stacked to secure them from the weather. Being now ready for use, they are thrown into a closed oven or furnace, capable of holding about twenty tons of this crude material, and set on fire. The thin acrid smoke is first forced by a sort of *vis a tergo* into a large iron cylinder curved at either end, where, being subjected to considerable compression, it parts with a large proportion of water. Freed from this element, the vapour passes into a series of pipes, which grow smaller and smaller till they terminate in a row of condensers, the substance deposited being nearly identical with coal tar. This, when placed in the still and the vapour condensed, finds its way into a range of collectors as a yellowish, greasy fluid, somewhat thicker than treacle, and being washed in caustic alkali proves to be a mass of paraffin crystals, containing, however, many impurities. Subjected to repeated washings and distillations, the oil is at length collected in reservoirs, where by this time it is well-nigh deodorized: rendered as clear as spring water, and deprived of all explosive properties. But there is yet more of this useful oil to be extracted from the residuum, which at this stage resembles a huge lump of dirty bees-wax more than anything else we can at this moment remember.

Placed in a spherical box of iron and exposed to the action of centrifugal force, the particles are driven through the extremely fine and close lattice work that lines its inner chamber, and such oil cells as escaped rupture in the preceding stages, are here broken and part with a further portion of oil. The wax that remains, being again and again washed in caustic soda, becomes the beautiful semi-transparent substance well known to our readers as paraffin candles. We must return, however, for a moment, to the earlier stages of the manufacture. During the purification of the paraffin, certain lubricating oils of superior density are separated, and, sinking to the bottom of the receiver, are drawn off and barrelled for home use, and occasionally for exportation. At a still earlier stage, a considerable quantity of gas is evolved, which is used for supplying heat power for driving a small steam engine, as well as for shell burning. It may be remembered that we stated Lewis contained no lime-stone. The beaches of the narrow, deep fiords, however, abound with shells cast up by the storms that, with greater or less fury, rage round the island for nine out of every twelve months. These are collected, carted to the works, and roasted in ovens by the sole aid of the gas of which mention has already been made, and produce lime of admirable quality. Various attempts have been made to crystallize the

ammonia contained in the water given off prior to the deposition of the tar. Hitherto these attempts have not been a commercial success, the cost of importing the sulphuric and muriatic acids going far to neutralize the profits arising from this branch of industry.

We have still to speak of the charcoal that remains in the furnace after the burning of the peat. As much as is required for home use is pulverized and distributed through the village for the purpose of deodorizing closets, the proprietor receiving the sewage in exchange. But the ammonia which does not pay as an article of exportation is not entirely thrown away, for the surplus residue of the charcoal, unemployed for the purpose already mentioned, is crushed and allowed to absorb as much of the ammonia held in solution as possible, and is then thrown over the few hundred acres of pasture land which have been reclaimed from the bog, and which the lord of the island keeps in his own hands; and finer grass we never saw.

The discovery of the oil wells in the States struck a heavy blow at the prosperity of these works. The price of paraffin in the course of three or four years fell from two shillings and sixpence the gallon to less than half that price. But the owner in his own kingdom is still able to defy competition, and successfully manufactures burning oil for the use of his subjects.

The paraffin works in this out-of-the-way island afford a remarkable instance of the utilization of all the products furnished by destructive combustion and distillation. Nothing is wasted; all is profitably employed; and no owner of land or water suffers from the outfall of any refuse, solid or fluid, and this is something more than may be said for many manufactories in more civilized parts of the world.

Should any chemist or machinist run his eye over this paper he would at once notice that various minute though important operations have been passed over in silence. We would observe, however, that the account is written for the many rather than the few; less for the scientific than the unscientific; and, if we have been clear, without pedantry, we have accomplished all at which we aimed.

OUR ATTORNEYS.

EVERY large city, according to the order or nature of things, has its proportion of legal representatives. In Manchester we fancy we must have had a few thrown in, or surreptitiously acquired a double share; for our attorneys are not only numerous, they are like blackberries or mushrooms. From poor Brown, the cheap common-law man, with the knowing young imp in a back room on the top floor, up to, or down as you like, Tomkins, Simpkins, Muggins, and Sons, in an extensive suite of apartments on the basement, we have a very remarkable variety of the legal genus. Many doctors have their specialties, such for instance as those who go in for the eye business only. So, also, have our attorneys their specialties. Hence there is the police lawyer, the thieves' advocate, the debtors' pleader, the bankruptcy adviser, the criminal solicitor, and the parliamentary representative. Talent, apart from influence, sooner or later, magnet-like, attracts the crowd, particularly in law matters, where the cleverest men secure the greatest business. It is not so much success as the ability to sustain it which makes the able lawyer.

It is often said attorneys have no conscience, a statement which we might controvert with some degree of success, but, without prejudice to the case, we think this charge has been directly levelled at our police court solicitors. For if they do happen to rejoice in the possession of such an attribute, it must be under protest or upon sufferance. The regular thieves' advocate is quite distinctive from the other local pleaders whom certain business brings to the court. The latter may be superintending an important conveyancing transaction to-day, and to-morrow defending a prisoner in a matter of felony; while the former is a kind of attached counsellor, who goes to the court as to his office, and is equally at home. He is a pleasant sort of a gentleman, fond of white waistcoats, button-hole roses, and handsome jewellery. If not distinguished for high culture, he is deep in common law technicalities and roguish stratagems. He can grasp a prisoner's line of defence in a twinkling, and quite apart from his or her guilt being a foregone conclusion, makes eloquent efforts to prove black is white and white no colour. His powers of perception are so keen (by practice, we assume) that in default of consultation with the accused, he can define all from a nod, a wink, or a gesture, while you are saying Jack Robinson. And if he is particular in the first place about his fees (this being a ready-money business), it is all owing to the fact of the disposition of his clients to overlook pecuniary responsibilities, especially when assiduously engaged upon the treadmill. When the stipendiary is absent, and some mild, unlearned-in-the law gentleman presides over the court in a sort of nervous trepidation, our thieves' advocate is thoroughly in his element, as the confused, innocent magistrate is ruled by the clerk, who is bamboozled by the straight-laced, domineering attorney in a spirit of conquest, similar to that which an ambitious managing servant is fond of evincing over the staff in the absence of the governor.

The bankruptcy attorney is of a very different stamp to the police court solicitor. He is a clever accountant, a close reasoner, and less an advocate than a business analyst, who is deeply versed by much experience in all the varied complications un-business men so frequently create in their affairs, and then innocently attribute blundering mismanagement to the dulness of trade. A few hurried words or a glance, however knowing or intelligent, will not suffice for the bankruptcy man. He must wade through confused figures, complicated accounts, inexplicable statements, and hieroglyphical balance-sheets; he must studiously apprentice himself to the mysteries of the grocery trade, or lapse into the secrets of the silk business, and become familiar with the profits and losses, the swindlings and meannesses, the hypocrisies and double-dealings of all kinds of trades and callings. Whether on the side of the bankrupt or opposing creditors, the attorney must display a thorough intimacy, a complete mastery, of the business transactions of his clients for the time being. He is shrewd, searching, and practical, and a laborious worker. Moreover, there is about his practice a degree of detailed investigation, intricate researches, and minute calculations, which render his position both onerous and unenviable by the profession.

The high class, many-partnered firm consists of gentlemen polished in manners and learned in legal lore. Each member has his own private audience-chamber, and there is a large apartment for general meetings, private and public, so far as their business demands it. There is nothing of the dusky dinginess about the attorney's offices now-a-days which Dickens used to love to describe, whenever a lawyer's doings were in question. Instead of dark, gloomy, mysteriously bleak rooms, we have open, clear, comfortable business-like offices, enriched with select libraries, and adorned with choice prints. Each partner has his special forte and particular clients, who are generally merchants and people of consequence, having settlements, deeds, wills, reversions, and all manner of legal matters in their train. These gentlemen are great in family estates and family histories, trustworthy to a degree, and honourable to a fault. They are as safe as the Bank of England as the custodians of secret and important private documents, and are acutely alive to the peculiar weakness and characteristics of every individual client, whose interests they guard with discretion, judgment, and ability. These large firms are also powerful in either local, municipal, or parliamentary cases, to the management of which they certainly bring to bear considerable legal talent and exhaustive argument, combining elaborate reasoning with intellectual fervour. Individually, they are cultivated and refined in manner; collectively, they are a wealthy, powerful, extensive firm, to whose care and to whose honour are committed the interests and well-being of the great and rich and influential of our neighbourhood.

There is the ordinary attorney, who practices anything or everything, to whom one would go whether in reference to a fowl nuisance in our back gardens, or touching compensation in a railway pitch-in, or in regard to an awkward case of embezzlement. This is the man who is the victim to every conceivable novelistic description, and the being on whom sensational writers delight to gloat in vivid sketches and powerful delineations. He it is who is the inhabitant proper of the dingy, impenetrable, mysterious chamber which is pregnant with undiscovered villany and unheard-of secrets of unpunished crimes. This middle-class lawyer, however, is now pretty nearly shorn of all this romance and fiction, and goes about his business much as other people, although he is often burdened with more revelations of a very questionable nature, pertaining to one thing or another, and emanating from a corrupt society, than an honest man can in all conscience satisfactorily endure. Still, not professing to draw the line at any given point, this attorney bears a wonderful deal with impunity. He has a large practice of a varied class, is versatile in

an eminent degree, and, we must admit, not at all scrupulous in matters legal or otherwise. He will prosecute a criminal, defend a debtor, bully a bankrupt, draw up your partnership, or prove your will; he will summon you for wife-beating, or request you to pay, with costs, immediately, that small tailor's account so long outstanding. He is a very well-preserved person—cunning, secretive, and active—with a quick perception, fluent speech, and a capital knowledge of the law and his own business thereof.

On the question of fees no doubt all lawyers entertain very decided convictions; and many of our local attorneys frequently make up the most unreasonable bills upon the most flimsy pretexts and insignificant services. No wonder there is much prosperity among our attorneys.

THE ALLIANCE.

THE history of the Alliance is somewhat that of the grain of mustard seed. On the 24th November, 1852, "at a meeting of a few friends of Temperance," convened by private note, at the house of a Mr. Nathaniel Card, of Manchester, a provisional committee was formed to promote the organization of an "United Kingdom Alliance," to procure the legislative suppression of the traffic in all intoxicating liquors throughout Great Britain and Ireland. In February, 1853, this committee issued privately an appeal, which was distributed among well-known friends of social reform. This was followed by two other appeals, but though adherents in large numbers sent in their names, the provisional committee did not think it prudent to risk a public meeting, but having, as they thought, completed their labours on the 1st June, resigned their functions to what is yet known as the "Executive." This Executive organized the first public meeting, which was held in the Corn Exchange, on October 26th, 1853.

The programme the Alliance sketched out for itself, and to which it has pretty faithfully adhered up till now, has been this:—The liquor vending establishments of the country being regarded as sources of temptation and nurseries of crime, they are incompatible with the advance of society in the path of true civilization, and, therefore, demand total and immediate suppression by means of legislative enactment. To attain this end the Allianceites pledged themselves to use their influence and to exercise their political privileges to secure a return of representatives to Parliament who would aid the passing of a Prohibitory Liquor Law. The subscription list for the first year amounted to £900; and this was given by comparatively few people. The income of the Alliance for last year reached £14,314. The Alliance is practically governed by the executive committee; and the prominent members of the first executive were—Mr. Alderman Harvey, Mr. Card, and Mr. Samuel Pope, with Messrs. Gawthorpe and Barker as secretaries.

As yet the Alliance has not procured the legislation prohibition of the sale of drink. Indeed, of late years it has hardly endeavoured to do so, but has confined itself to inserting the thin end of the wedge in the shape of a Permissive Bill, believing that whenever such a measure is passed, the people themselves will not be slow in putting it into operation. Though year after year the Permissive Bill has gained ground in the House, and was only lost last time by a small majority, it is extremely doubtful whether success in that quarter will ever crown the Alliance's efforts; but it is very certain that with its income and its organizations it can make itself heard at election times, and in boroughs the supporters of the Alliance will often decide a doubtful contest between two candidates of the same school. We say of the same school, because, though professing to go in for Alliance men irrespective of politics, Radical or Conservative, the Alliance has never yet plumped for a Conservative as against a Radical. While professing neutrality in matters political, the constitution of the Alliance is strongly Radical, and it would be expecting too much to believe that men whose whole lives have been spent in fighting for Radicalism should, under any circumstances, range themselves under Tory banners. Of course they ought to do so if their Alliance programme is to be carried out; but human nature is too human to be consistent in all things. Fancy Dr. M'Kerrow, the Whitworths, and Mr. Rylands, M.P., voting for a Charley, who, for the nonce, stood on a Permissive Bill platform!

The balance-sheet of the Alliance is a very creditable one. Considering their income, the balance in hand, £2,310 may not be a very large one, but, excepting the great cost of the free circulation of the *Alliance News* and *Meliora* (now defunct), the various disbursements are very moderate ones indeed. The expenditure over the *News* is quite a justifiable one, and doubtless both keeps the society together and gains converts, but it bears internal evidence that the comprehensive item "Editorial salary, reporting expenses, and literary contributions, £296 10s. 4d." might very economically be doubled or trebled. The *Alliance News* is something between the very goody goodiness of the *Record* or the *Rock* and *Reynolds's Newspaper*. It is quite possible to be sensational without being vulgar, and even teetotal leaders may be written with spirit and show at least incipient literary ability. But with the mere paper alone costing £1,481 9s. 9d. a year, and editor, reporters, and contributors all lumped together for £296 10s. 4d., what must the result be but that the paper will remain the most valuable portion still?

To show how from hundreds the disciples of the Alliance have swelled to thousands, and to follow it in all its intricacies of detail is here an impossible task. To trace Mr. Pope's career, and the blessings which Allianceism and teetotalism have showered on his Q.C. head, would also be a pleasant and amusing task. But the history of the Alliance and its Honorary Secretary—not now so active and prominent as he was when briefs were fewer—must be related in other chronicles than ours. Suffice it to say that, although we are opponents of its policy, we cannot withhold our tribute of admiration for the energy, the perseverance, and the directness of purpose which have distinguished its career, and for the undoubted honesty of motive which has influenced the vast majority of its leading advocates and promoters.

MR. HALLE AT THE BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ was one of the soloists at the Beethoven Centenary Festival at Bonn last week. On the second day he played the pianoforte fantasia with chorus (1808), and, on the third day, the Concerto in E flat, No. 5, known as the Emperor Concerto (1809). He does not appear to have produced the same effect upon the German critics as he invariably does upon the musical critics of the Manchester daily papers, as the following passages, quoted from the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, will show.

"The piano part in the Choral Fantasia was played by Mr. Hallé, from London, a pianist whom, we candidly confess, we would rather have seen replaced by some other. The splendid Broadwood Grand of course sounded beautifully under his touch, nor could we detect the slightest incorrectness; but we missed in Mr. Hallé that divine fire which can alone entitle anyone to appear on such an occasion as an interpreter of Beethoven.

"In his rendering of the Concerto in E flat, Mr. Hallé showed us how important it is, in playing Beethoven, both for the listener and the performer, that the player should be able to raise himself to a certain level as an approach to the spiritual grandeur of the composer. Mr. Hallé has a pretty and elegant touch and considerable executive power, and as a player of Heller's *Morceaux de Salon* we think him very pleasing; but of other excellences we can only name such as he does not possess. Mr. Hallé lacks, among other things, the capacity of allowing the spirit of the musical structure to flow from his hand, whilst he is unable to instil a different one by a genial subjective conception. The Concerto in E flat was certainly a finished performance as regards execution; but the rendering made us pity as much the wonderful composition and composer as the player. In short, the performance of the Concerto was the only weak point throughout the festival, and we cannot understand why the piano part was not placed in worthier hands."

That's strong criticism, at any rate, and will rather astonish Mr. Hallé's admirers in Manchester, who believe in the honeyed phrases and unfailing eulogies of the Manchester daily press. But the Bonn correspondents of the *Daily News* and the *Athenæum* confirm, in part, the unfavourable account of the German journal.

A SUNDAY EPIGRAM.

[Involuntarily turned during a high-and-dry sermon at All Poppies' Church, Manchester].

Full many a tablet, many a nodding head,
Confess the equal sleep of quick and dead.

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY.—SUNDAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.—On SUNDAY, 10th September, a Cheap Train to GRIMSBY and CLEETHORPES (High Water at Grimsby at 2-0 p.m.) will run as under:—

Stations.	Time.	Fares to Grimsby or Cleethorpes and back.	
	a.m.	1st Class	Cov. Car.
Manchester .....dep.	6 0		
Ardwick ..... ,,	6 4		
Stalybridge ..... ,,	6 0		
Ashton ..... ,,	6 5		
Dukinfield ..... ,,	6 8	6s.	3s. 6d.
Oldham (Clegg-street) ,,	6 0		
Park Bridge..... ,,	6 5		
Guide Bridge ..... ,,	6 16		
Stockport (Tiviot Dale) ,,	6 10		
Grimsby ..... arr.	10 15		
Cleethorpes ..... ,,	10 30		

Returning from Cleethorpes at 6-15 p.m., and from Grimsby Passenger Station at 6-30 p.m. the same day.

Passengers can return by the 2-30 p.m. Train from Cleethorpes, and 2-45 p.m. Train from Grimsby, on Monday, 11th September, or Tuesday, 12th September, on payment of 1s. 6d. each additional 1st Class, and 1s. Covered Carriages.

London Road Station, Manchester,
August, 1871. R. G UNDERDOWN, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

CHEAP WEEKLY EXCURSIONS TO BUXTON, MATLOCK, AND MALVERN.

Every Friday and Saturday, until Saturday, October 28th, 1871, RETURN TICKETS, at the following low fares, will be issued from the undermentioned Stations to BUXTON, MATLOCK, AND MALVERN, by any of the Ordinary Trains, available for returning by any Train up to the following Monday Evening.

Stations.	FARES. To Buxton.		To Matlock.		To Malvern.	
	1st Cls.	2nd Cls.	1st Cls.	2nd Cls.	1st Cls.	2nd Cls.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Manchester	6 0	4 6	9 6	7 0	24 0	18 3
Stockport (Tev. Dale)	5 0	3 6	8 6	6 0	22 0	16 0
Stalybridge }	5 0	3 6	9 0	6 6	23 6	17 6
Guide Bridge }						

In Manchester Tickets can be obtained at Cook's Excursion and Tourist Office, 43, Piccadilly; and at the Midland Booking Office, London Road Station.

JAMES ALPORT, General Manager.
Derby, June, 1871.

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY.

Commencing on SATURDAY, 22nd JULY, and every week-day until SATURDAY, 23rd September.

CHEAP TICKETS FOR FOURTEEN DAYS
Will be issued to
SCARBRO', WHITBY, FILEY, AND BRIDLINGTON,
By the new and direct route, via Barnsley, as under:

STATIONS.	Times of Starting.		Fares there & back, in Cov. Cars. Scarbro'	Whitby.	Filey.	Bridlington.
	a.m.	p.m.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Liverpool (Brunswick)	10 15	1 40*	20 6	22 6	21 0	20 6
Warrington	10 56	2 16*	18 0	20 0	18 6	18 0
Stockport (Tiviot Dale)	11 35	2 53*	15 6	17 6	16 0	16 0
Manchester (Lndn-rd.)	12 0	3 50*	16 0	18 0	16 6	16 0
Stalybridge	11 55	3 45*	15 0	17 0	15 6	15 0
Ashton (Park Parade).	11 59	3 49*	15 0	17 0	15 6	15 0
Oldham (Clegg-street).	11 35	3 42*	15 0	17 0	15 6	15 0
Guide Bridge.....	12 10	4 0*	15 0	17 0	15 6	15 0
Woodley	11 56	3 0*	15 6	16 0	17 6	15 6
New Mills.....	11 44	2 1*	16 0	17 0	17 0	15 6
Marple	11 27	2 12*	15 0	17 0	15 6	15 0
Newton	11 49	2 12*	15 0	17 0	15 6	15 0
Godley	11 54	2 17*	15 0	17 0	15 6	15 0
Mottram.....	11 59	2 23*	15 0	17 0	15 6	15 0
Dinting	12 4	2 29*	15 0	17 0	15 6	15 0
Glossop	11 55	2 20*	15 0	17 0	15 6	15 0
Hadfield	12 7	2 33*	15 0	17 0	15 6	15 0

For further particulars see bills to be had at Stations.

R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.
London Road Station, Manchester, July, 1871

PRINCES THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

Mr. and Mrs. DION BOUCICAULT,
in resuming their profession, made their RE-APPEARANCE at this Theatre on
MONDAY NEXT, AUGUST 28,
when the performances will commence with Coleman's Comedy,
JOHN BULL.
Dennis..... Mr. D. Boucicault.
Mary ..... Miss Lydia Foote.
To conclude with
THE COLLEEN BAWN.
Eily O'Connor ..... Mrs. Boucicault.
Annie Chute ..... Miss Lydia Foote.
Danny Man ..... Mr. Sheil Barry.
Myles Na Coppaleen ..... Mr. D. Boucicault.
The Engagement of these Eminent Comedians is for
TWELVE NIGHTS,
During which they will perform in the Dramatic Episode, A FIGHT FOR LIFE, and the Sentimental Comedy, NIGHT AND MORNING; supported by Miss LYDIA FOOTE and Mr. SHEIL BARRY.

Shakespere's MERCHANT OF VENICE will be produced in September.
Box office open daily from eleven to two.

THE PEOPLE'S CONCERT HALL, LOWER MOSLEY STREET, MANCHESTER.

On MONDAY, September 4, and during the week. First appearance of Messrs. MURRAY and LAMB, Comic, Characteristic, Sensational Duetists, Vocalists, and Grotesque Dancers. The Premier Soprano of the Music Halls, Miss Marion WEBSTER, having recovered from her severe indisposition, will fulfil her special engagement at this popular hall for a limited number of nights to sing a programme of exquisite melodies from the most eminent composers. Engagement of the Champion Darkie Troupe, Mr. and Mrs LANGAN and JOHNNY MILLICENT, the Real Legitimate Delineators, Prize Dancers, Instrumentalists, Vocalists, &c. Always something new. Always varied. Immense reception of Mr. J. PLUMPTON, who, in addition to his highly-popular Humorous Songs, will sing Russell's Famous Descriptive Song of "The Dream of the Reveller," as sung by him upwards of Two Thousand Nights. Re-appearance of the Renowned ALEXANDERS, the most talented family in the world. MARIE ALEXANDER, Burlesque Actress and Serio-Comic Vocalist; JEAN ALEXANDER, the Champion Skater; ROSE ALEXANDER, Premiere Danseuse Characteristique; ARTHUR ALEXANDER, Comedian Extraordinary; CONSTANCE ALEXANDER, known as Princess Tinypet, the Youngest Actress and Vocalist in the World; Mrs. J. F. ALEXANDER, the Renowned Danseuse; and Mr. J. F. ALEXANDER, the Great Maitre de Ballet, from the Crystal Palace, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and Alhambra. For SIX NIGHTS ONLY, Mr. NATT EMMEITT and his WONDERFUL GOAT. Last Six Nights of the Marvel, Signor MARTINI, the Great Pyramid Chair and Bottle Equilibrist, from the Imperial Cirque, Berlin, and Royal Alhambra Palace, London.—Go and see this Great Wonder.

NOBLETT & CO. beg to call attention to their PERFECT FITTING BOOTS.—Every description for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children.

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ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BELLE VUE.

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CITY OF STRASBOURG,
With its Cathedral, Forts, &c.
Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday will be represented the Siege, Defence, and
FALL OF STRASBOURG,
Amidst BRILLIANT FIREWORKS.
Concluding with a Grand Allegorical Transparency, representing
PEACE WELCOMED BY EUROPE,
Arranged and Painted by Messrs. Danson & Sons, London.
Zoological Collection, Pleasure Boats and Steamers, New Maze, Museum, &c. BAND daily from Three p.m.
Admission 6d.; after Four on Gala Days, 1s.; Saturdays, 1s. after Five.

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The above popular and splendidly-appointed
PALACE,
covering 1½ acre,
with the elegant Refreshment-room, IS NOW OPEN for the Season. The recent Elaborate
DECORATIONS
have rendered it the Most Fashionable and Agreeable Place of Amusement in the City. The Celebrated
PALACE BAND
under the able direction of Mr. O. Gagge,
EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, At Three o'clock.
Admission, 6d. each. No extra charge.
Sundays, for promenade, 3d. each.

ROWE (Late CARTER), FISHMONGER, &c., REMOVED TO 21, SMITHY DOOR,

BEHIND FRUIT MARKET,
VICTORIA STREET.

FINE FLAVOURED STRONG BEEF TEA at about 2½d. a pint. ASK FOR LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every jar, being the only guarantee of genuineness.

Excellent economical stock for soups, sauces, &c.

HEALTH! DELICACY!! ECONOMY!!!

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA.

NOTICE.

[*Read this with care and attention.*]

THE MANUFACTORY of MAYAR'S SEMOLINA was established in 1815. It is the oldest and the largest in the world, Twenty-five million pounds being yearly produced. (25,000,000.)

Our SEMOLINA is the staple food in France, Russia, Spain, Italy, &c., and will soon be that of England. It has obtained

24 PRIZE MEDALS

in the Grand Exhibitions for its superiority over all others; and is pronounced by the most eminent members of the Medical Profession, both in London and in Paris, to be far more nutritious than Tapioca, Arrowroot, Corn Flour (which are only Starch), or any farinaceous food already introduced into this country. See Dr. Hassall's Analytical Report.

N.B.—Being determined to maintain its reputation, we again CAUTION the public that an imitation, to which a false and ridiculous name has been given, is introduced by a well-known firm, taking advantage of its name and publicity to sell a similar article of very inferior quality, to realise extra profits, and who advertise in favour of that article the qualities possessed by our Semolina.

As a proof of our assertion, we challenge a comparison by analysis between our SEMOLINA and the so-called *Pearlina*.

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MAYAR'S SEMOLINA is richer than any other farinaceous food, in nitrogenous matter and gluten. Indispensable in the bone and muscular formation.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA. Highly recommended by the Faculty for Children and Invalids.

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MAYAR'S SEMOLINA makes delicious Puddings, Blancmange, Custards, and Pastry.

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MAYAR'S SEMOLINA is the greatest delicacy, prepared as gruel, for Breakfast and Supper.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA is very economical. May be used with or without Milk. Recipes on each Package. 6d. lb. in Packet, 8d. in Canister.

Sold by all Chemists, Grocers, &c.

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MAYAR'S HOMINY, produced from the best Indian Maize, without any adulteration obtained by grinding, is far superior to the Maize Corn Flour already introduced in this country, which is only Starch obtained by a process of washing, which deteriorates entirely the quality, and is sold at a very high price.

Sold by all Chemists, Grocers, and Corn Dealers.
Wholesale at MAYAR'S, 36, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.
Wholesale Agents Wanted in every town.

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HAIR DYE, 3s. 6d. HAIR DESTROYER, or Depilatory for Removing Hair from the Face, 3s. 6d. SPANISH FLY OIL, or Oil of Cantharides, for the Growth of Hair and Whiskers, 3s. 6d. ALEX. ROSS'S GREAT HAIR RESTORER, for Changing Grey Hair to its Proper Colour, 3s. 6d. Had of all Chemists in Manchester. ALEX ROSS, 248 High Holborn, London.

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F. BIDDOLPH, Proprietress.

PERSONS troubled with CORNS and WARTS should at once procure a bottle of ROBINSON'S PATENT CORN SOLVENT, which never fails to quickly remove them.—Sold in bottles at 7½d. and 13½d. each, by B. ROBINSON, chemist, Pendleton; JEWSBURY, MOTTERSHEAD, & CO., Market Street; and most Chemists.

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Amounts not exceeding £50 repaid upon demand.
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